

who's nearby

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who's nearby

by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

George quite literally dropped his phone at the sight of rosy cheeks, a bright smile, and backgrounds that were all too familiar to him.
Yeah, it was definitely Clay.

Or, George finds the boy he'd been massively crushing on via Grindr and is a complete idiot about it.

Notes

first ever commission! they wanted to stay anonymous, but here it is :) for my anonymous friend <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In all honesty, George was completely fed up with the concept of love and dating.

After being away for college for almost four years he had grown to realize how quickly he became fixated on others, and how huge of a pain in the ass it was. Of all the people who could've given him a mindless wave a few months ago, it *had* to be one of the most attractive guys on the school's football team?

George knew *of* Clay through mutual friends but had never even spoken to the guy. Yet he was somehow enamored with every feature about him. The way his hair practically reflected gold, his eyes radiate yellow, and his *smile* like drops of sunshine themselves infused into his blood. Not to mention the guy was built and looked like he could probably punt him across the campus.

But after a few months of being floored from afar, he had come to realize that his little fantasies of the blonde running up to him after a game and proclaiming mutual attraction, or bumping into each other and falling into each other's arms like a cheesy high school rom com, were nothing more than that- fantasies.

Clay was tall, blonde, and played football, the definition of a straight frat guy who probably had a bonkers smart girlfriend studying to be a lawyer.

In essence, he was down so bad he was probably scraping the pits of hell at this point.

All of his fantasies and dreams were just that, fantasies. Deep in his heart of hearts he knew he would never get a chance to even *try* and date the golden retriever of a boy. Still, he let his heart wander and drift sometimes, most often late hours into the night be it scenarios to fall asleep to or shameless activities covered under a thick layer of darkness throughout his tiny dorm bedroom.

George wanted nothing more than to never have to think about the actuality of putting himself out there, in the truly vulnerable and raw space of dating, allowing himself to escape to his daydreams of his perfect life where he was spending hours with the blonde daily making stupid memories, running up to him over the fence after watching one of his games, or well, *other* things too. He *did* mean it, Clay could probably throw him across a yard with ease.

Karl, his best friend, however, was not too keen on letting him stay fixated on someone he could never even hold conversation with.

"Dude, I'm telling you, get a dating app or some shit, you *need* to let off some steam after months of this bullshit," The curly haired boy mumbled through bites of his sandwich.

Karl was actually the one pushing him initially to talk to Clay, being the only connection to the blonde's friends that George. It was a short grapevine, too, as the brunette was technically in his overarching circle.

Human relationships were far too complicated for George's liking. Why couldn't he just be left in peace while imagining a hot football player railing him? Karl seemed to suggest it was unhealthy which George adamantly disagreed on.

"You and I both know I have no drive for any actual relationships right now," George responded, trying to divert the subject.

"This would all be solved if you would just *talk* to the guy-"

"-*No!* Karl, how many times do I have to tell you how straight that boy is? I would be a laughing stock to half of the football team if I even tried."

His friend rolled his eyes, as he always did at those comments, setting his food down and quickly grabbing the shorter's phone, opening it.

“Hey! What the hell are you-”

“-I’m helping, you should be grateful,” Karl interrupted quickly, swiping through George’s phone. The brunette’s heart raced at the idea of his friend ruining any chance he could have with the blonde (he knew Karl wasn’t below texting people from someone else’s phone).

Before he could overthink too much, his phone was slid back onto the spot in front of him and he had to force himself not to die of laughter right there.

“Grindr? You’re kidding right?”

George glanced up, shock and humor written all over his face, completely dropping once he noticed the seriousness in his friend.

“Seriously, if you get laid you can stop thinking about all of your stupid problems from afar with Clay. Just trust me okay?”

The shorter hesitantly picked up the device and gave Karl another once over trying to read any sign of a joke incoming. His friend’s eyes were wide with sincerity and a subtle nod towards the device.

George stared at the black and orange icon on his home screen, running through every possibility of things that could go wrong while using it. He’d grown used to horror stories of kidnappings and sketchy meetups you’d see on the news or within social circles, and hadn’t considered himself irrationally afraid of those possibilities.

I mean, he knew Karl had used Grindr before, meeting more than a few people and even a couple boyfriends.

Not wanting to give his roommate any semblance of confidence in succumbing to the idea, he pocketed his phone and moved to finish his own food.

“I’ll think about it.”

He had done quite a bit more than think about it, which led him to his current position tucked under large tufts of blankets curled on his side with blue light flooding his face.

He’d gotten so far as to plug in his email, name, and birthday into their corresponding bars, thumb still hovering over the ‘sign up’ button.

Was he really this desperate? He’d known Grindr was a hookup app, with not much else of substance there.

As he gently tapped the button he was prompted with an offer to join their premium service, Grindr XTRA, by actually paying money.

He may have been desperate but god he wasn’t *that* desperate.

He hit the light grey X, features relaxing as he let out a small huff of a laugh. Perhaps this wasn’t as hard as he was making it out to be.

Instantly he was prompted to pick pictures for his profile, tapping the plus and adding the three best ones he had on hand. The first was Karl's favorite picture he'd taken of the brunette, outside a restaurant by their dorm past midnight, lights twinkling among the stars. The second was a dumb selfie he had grown to hate yet all his friend convinced him he looked great and the third was a risky picture of him in a way too oversized white shirt exposing his collarbones, on his knees in front of his mirror closet doors.

After setting up his display name, location, age, and that he was searching for chats and dates, he was actually ready to match with people.

For a minute he rolled over onto his back, staring at the ceiling to try and will for some sort of sign that he was actually doing something at least somewhat beneficial to him.

George was lying to himself if he said he truly didn't want a relationship, because deep down he really did. He had craved the idea of having a soulmate, someone to be absolutely stupid with, to love, to make memories with, to call his own. He yearned to be a part of one of those couples you'd think were high school sweethearts from the deep connection and friendship they had. More than anything he wanted a best friend along with it.

Karl was an amazing friend, and he had others, but George craved the very concept of someone calling him theirs or the love that runs beneath the skin and bones of lifelong friends with sparks of tension growing over years of planted seeds and golden light to nurture them.

Obviously, a hookup app was *not* where he'd find this, but perhaps his roommate was right. It honestly had been far too long since he had gotten laid, mainly due to his comp-sci classes overloading him with stress and work.

Turning back on his side, he hovered his thumb over the 'who's nearby?' category, ready to flip through countless profiles of people and judge them quite literally immediately. He almost felt bad at the shallowness he was indulging in, but was too consumed by the idea of actually having physical contact with someone for the first time in ages.

Nothing interesting came from the first few profiles, random men whose entire vibes' screamed creepy, and a few guys of his own build with much lewder pictures for their profiles. Okay, so maybe he should've considered the fact that he was on *grindr* before setting his account up like it was an actual dating site.

Sighing to himself, he scrolled through a few more people, already hating the entire situation more each second that ticked by.

Creepy bio, not attracted to you, you look identical to myself, what even is that picture, you-

George quite literally dropped his phone at the sight of rosy cheeks, a bright smile, and backgrounds that were all too familiar to him. A hand flew to his mouth, sitting up straight and not daring to touch the phone face down next to him.

There's no way, right?

A million thoughts ran through the brunette's head each more alarming than the last, but the forefront being that he hadn't looked at the profile long enough to be completely sure it was *the* boy. He also didn't bother reading the name in his haste.

He side eyed the phone next to him, a hand creeping up the back of it, itching to turn it over and see if he was dreaming. George felt like he needed someone to douse an ocean onto him and sock

him in the gut to fully believe this was real.

Delicate fingers brushed over the back of his phone case, gently smoothing over the hard plastic anxiety lacing their movements. Squeezing his eyes shut, he flipped the phone over, blue light pouring onto his face before he let his eyelids finally slip open.

This time he *didn't* drop his phone, but he did shamelessly let his mouth fall slightly open at the blonde waves and tanned skin reflecting across his screen. His red and white letterman hugging his arms snug with a white shirt underneath it and cuffed acid wash jeans. The angle was slightly upwards, probably taken by a friend crouching, a light blue sky painting the most beautiful background for the golden boy in front of it, the grassy football field just barely seen in the back. His *smile*, it was somehow both entirely endearing and incredibly hot at the same time. George liked to think he was laughing at a dumb joke one of his friends made, a smile produced from real affection and joy.

Clay, 21 - .02 miles

Call me Dream because that's what I'll be to you ;)

Yeah, it was definitely Clay.

George's head was spinning so fast he was shocked he hadn't passed out from the whiplash.

Firstly that he was definitely *not* straight, and apparently very open about that fact. The brunette felt like he had *radiated* lawyer girlfriend energy, but it seemed he was very clearly mistaken.

Secondly that somehow Clay managed to capture himself in his entirety in one sole picture, he practically forgot about the other ones.

Realizing he had been holding his breath for quite some time, he let out a few puffs of air and collected himself as much as he could. The vibrant red on his cheeks was practically a tattoo at this point, accepting it would not fully go away until he fell asleep.

The second picture was the blonde in the corner of what seemed like one of the parties he was always invited to (according to Karl he'd only go if he was dragged there by his best friend), purple and red lights shining on his face with a red solo cup in hand. George could almost see through the happy mask he was putting on himself in the presumably loud environment, although the sweat just tugging against his forehead and dopey smirk only increased the thumping in his heart.

So much for forgetting about him

Swiping to the last one, his breath hitched and his pupils immediately dilated at the sight. George almost felt embarrassed at the teeth pulling at his own bottom lip, hopelessly ogling at the blonde's pictures. Clay was in a black shirt and tight jeans, laying down on his bed with one knee bent up while the other lay straight, smirking downwards at the camera clearly taken by a roommate sitting from the floor. The only visible hand in the picture lay on his chest, veins protruding just enough to make the brunette's mouth water.

George stayed in his infatuated state, mindlessly swiping between the three *amazing* pictures and brainlessly staring at every detail in them. How Clay's hands were fucking huge, how his freckles stood out against the sun, how his hair looked long enough to thread his hands through it, how he

would *literally* do anything the boy told him and instantly comply, how-

Shaking his head, George zoned back in, thoughts finally recollecting and settling to one cloudy question: What now?

The brunette knew Clay knew *of* him, and surely with the obvious confidence and cockiness he possessed if he was truly interested in George he would've said something by now, right?

The thought made his heart sink a little in all honesty. George had been whipped from the very second he saw him first catch a football from across the quad and give his stupidly attractive wheeze laugh after stumbling a bit. He could go over that scene in his mind for hours on end, each color and object just as clear as reality.

But George didn't want to *catfish* him, because he knew he'd want to meet up with him at some point. Also, the moral grey area of faking your identity made him a little queasy to think about.

Glancing back to his own profile, he stared at his pictures again, eying each and every detail to find something that would give him an idea. His last one in front of his mirror had stuck out to him as the most appealing of himself, and the most fitting for the app (despite Clay's pictures holding a similar vibe as well). Just beneath his collarbone, a small splotch of ink was seen over the white shirt. He laughed to himself softly at that, remembering getting the dumb tattoo when he was a freshman, wanting something that related to coding but also looked cool.

404

An idea hit George like a semi-truck. He quickly went to his photos app and slowly cropped out the top of the picture, just showing the base of his neck down, and the pretty ink teasingly out of frame.

Error 404: Page Not Found

Face Not Found

He wasn't *lying* if it was pictures of himself, right? He quickly deactivated the account he'd spent so much precious time on, hastily making a new one in its place, keeping the same info with two key differences.

One, the numbers '404' lay in his name slot.

Two, his face was cropped out of each picture.

The first one was the same one from the old profile, and he found two others in his camera roll that just barely showed off the piece of work he wanted to.

The last thing he did before forcing himself to shut off his phone was sending Clay (found again in his 'who's nearby' tab) a Tap to show interest before having to send a message (he found out what it was called when he embarrassingly googled a 'how to use grindr' tutorial). He wanted Clay to make the first move, while still showing interest and being coy.

Falling asleep was hard, but less so now that the person centering in his dreams actually was confirmed to *like* men. It only took fifteen minutes of anxiously tossing and turning about whether or not Clay would actually message him first before the exhaustion in his body finally took over.

He woke up just past eleven, body and mind still incredibly tired from the stressful week prior. For a Saturday, he was up rather early, eyes still clouded with the morning fog and brain not functioning at full capacity. He groaned, glancing at his side table and sliding his phone towards his face.

A few texts from Karl, Twitter notifications, and-

The night before came flooding back to him as he saw the orange and black icon in his notification center, he quickly scrambled to unlock the device and open the app. Glancing at the bottom, he saw the number three in orange next to his inbox. George inadvertently bit his lip, making sure to keep his breathing somewhat regular. The prospect of being so close to even *talking* to his crush was sending his entire system out of whack.

He hesitantly tapped the button, seeing two message previews with “Attachment: 1 image” (he inwardly cringed, who the hell thinks that’s a good idea?), but the one at the very top made his heart stutter rapidly against his chest, quickly opening it.

From: Clay

I think I need to call Heaven because it looks like they’re missing an angel

The stupid (*obnoxious*) pick-up line was making his face far too red for having woken up five minutes prior. The swirling in his stomach only increased as he read the word ‘angel’ over and over again in his head. He swiped to see what time the message was sent, reading 10:34, before hesitantly trying to type something back.

To: Clay

is this always how you introduce yourself to boys?

George let a hand slide down his cheeks, unable to fully pull his eyes away from the screen. He stared for far longer than he should have at the empty text conversations, brain swirling at the realization that *Clay* thought he was cute enough to *hit on and message* .

Yes, his face wasn’t there, but the rest of him was, and quite frankly that’s what counted, right?

Shaking his head, and raising a hand to his burning cheeks, he finally locked his phone and swung his legs over the edge of his bed to stand up. Walking to the kitchen, he resisted the urge to check back again, instead opting to open the fridge in search for some sort of food. Idly, he noticed the yellow post-it against the fridge door explaining that Karl was out that morning.

He rolled his eyes, knowing he was probably still with the mystery boy he kept talking about. It was growing to be more annoying than anything, not knowing who his best friend’s boyfriend was

and always having to sneak around. The worst part was Karl not even bothering to give a good excuse, just shrugging and saying he couldn't know.

A faint drum-like sound came from his phone, turning around to lay his forearms on the kitchen counter before scrambling to open the notification.

From: Clay

No, just the ones I really like

From: Clay

It would be nice if I had a name to call you

A soft smirk broke out onto his face at the comment, hastily typing away.

To: Clay

nice try, its 404 to you

The response was instant.

From: Clay

I can at least say I tried

From: Clay

Why 404?

To: Clay

i have a tattoo of the numbers on my collarbone. thought it was cool bc im a comp-sci major

To: Clay

i could show you ;)

From: Clay

I can see the top of it on the pictures from your profile

But I'd love to see more

George smirked at the confidence, moving to open his camera before being prompted with a pop-up that explained he did *not* have the ability to do so without GrindrXTRA. He groaned, mind playing mental gymnastics on how he was supposed to reel Clay in without using his looks. That's all Grindr was, anyways, right? Just a bunch of shallow people looking to fuck?

Despite the thoughts leaving a bad taste in his mouth he moved to type instead.

To: Clay

i dont feel like paying 10 dollars a month just to send a picture of my collarbones to a hot blonde

From: Clay

You'd show me more if I asked

George was about to throw his phone across the room at that, the boy he'd been ogling for so long literally *right* there for the taking. He had to keep coy, which was one of the perks of doing all of this online; Clay would never see his face.

Before he could respond, his phone buzzed again in his hand.

From: Clay

I'm kidding (kinda), but I wouldn't spend that money on this shitty app either.

From: Clay

Can I give you my number?

The brunette's eyes widened, smile spreading across his cheeks obnoxiously fast before shaking his head and taking a breather. His idolization of Clay was making his usual pessimistic attitude hard to maintain, the usual eye rolls at cheesy phrases like the blonde had in his bio were just not coming as they usually would.

To: Clay

all to see my collarbones? must be down bad

To: Clay

fr though, sure

From: Clay

xxx-xxx-xxxx

He arched his back further into his arms as he hastily punched in the numbers into a new contact, hands sitting hesitantly over the keyboard, at a loss of what to say. He tilted his head to the side and only slightly adjusted the already oversized shirt on him to show off the ink completely, pale white collar bones sticking out prominently along with it. He cropped it to fit his desires before hitting send and typing something to go with it.

Sent To: Clay :)

[Attachment: 1 Image]

they're kind of plain right now, haven't seen much exposure by anything (or anyone) in a while

[Attachment: 1 Image]

He hastily bit the inside of his cheek at the message and watched as the light grey bubble appeared and disappeared. God, he desperately was hoping that he wasn't majorly screwing up or scaring the guy off. This was quite literally his one chance to get any of this right before he'd finally have to give into Karl and look for someone *else*.

After a few more moments of deliberation, a response came through.

From: Clay :)

I am so glad you didn't mistype my number

George's eyebrows furrowed as he choked out a soft laugh, confused.

To: Clay :)

i just copy-pasted it, why?

From: Clay :)

I really don't think I'd be able to handle it if I found out someone else got to see this picture.

From: Clay :)

Tattoo is sick btw

The brunette reread the message probably five times, each time the possessive words sinking in that much more into his brain. *How* was Clay so good at this?

He plays football and is the definition of attractive, of course he's good at this.

George had ached for a long time while yearning for a person who was so infatuated with him they would create a bubble of protection from others around him. Despite his coyness and overall flimsy flirty demeanor, the possession was something he has always craved.

To: Clay :)

how do you know i havent sent this to other people?

From: Clay :)

You'd tell me if I asked you to. Have you?

Even through texts, somehow he was able to convey his stern demeanor amongst the other light hearted comments. George revelled in it.

To: Clay :)

no i haven't

From: Clay :)

Good boy.

George fully dropped his phone against the counter and let his head fall in his hands, the groan spilling from his lips being involuntary. He heard his door lock clink open and a familiar voice ring out.

“What’s up with- Woah, your face is like bright red,” Karl muttered, eyes clouded by a shell of something else, like he was daydreaming off in another world. George rolled his eyes as he noticed the brunette hastily swipe his wallet from the small table by the entrance of their dorm.

“Nothing, it’s nothing,” the shorter waved off, shutting his phone off and moving to turn back to the fridge again, acting as if he were doing something somewhat important.

Karl laughed, quickly moving out of their place with a soft “sure!”.

George had an empty stare at the refrigerator handle as he heard the drum-like notification go off

again, rattling against the counter. The words from the blonde pounded against his brain, vividly being able to *hear* his voice saying them, a soft, low and breathy tone to his timbre.

Good boy.

He let his head fall against the door handle with another groan. He was *truly* fucked.

Mentally and, if he was lucky by the end of all this, physically.

In full honesty, he had expected Clay to get right down to business with meeting up or trying to get into his pants in some way, and as time droned on he began to realize that wasn't the case.

It had been a few weeks since they first started talking and the allusivity of George's faceless nature was probably going to his head. The fact that he went from admiring the boy from afar and wondering what life would be like if he just *talked* to him to have Clay hang onto every word and beg to see even just a little more of the brunette was making his head spin.

And yes, there were a *lot* of times their conversations grew to be, well, not the *most* innocent, and sly quips and comments seemed to be a running feature between the pair, but overall it felt like they had met through mutual friends (where they probably should have) and not on *Grindr*.

Cheeky pictures of his jawline and chest, just cutting off past his smirk, were something he had grown somewhat used to, but each picture of the blonde never failed to make his face flush. Which was why it was not helpful that his phone kept buzzing against the table as he tried to have lunch with his roommate.

From: Clay :)

What? Am I a distraction right now?

To: Clay :)

it's hard to pay attention to eating when you're trying to make me flustered so yes you are

From: Clay :)

I'd be more of a distraction if I was sitting next to you

To: Clay :)

and how do you think you'd manage that?

From: Clay :)

[Attachment: 1 Image]

Depends what'd make you burn up more

“Who the hell keeps texting you?” Karl mumbled, rubbing a tired eye with his sleeve. George quickly flipped his phone upside down, sparks behind his cheeks at the insinuation from his friend (could he call him that?). It wasn't even a *risky* picture, but it was something about the angle of just showing a quickly shaken shot of just the bottom of his face that made him want to fall to his knees.

“Nothing- No one,” he mumbled out quickly, hand resting against his cheek as he refused to make eye contact with his friend, looking anywhere else he could. Karl rolled his eyes and smiled.

“Yes, ‘nothing’ is why your face is red and you’ve been pushing down smiles this entire time. And the constant checking of your phone, dummy.”

George rolled his eyes, fingers dancing on the edge of his phone case idly. He really *did* want to tell Karl, but that would involve firstly, him admitting he took his advice, and second, admitting he was technically lying to a mutual friend.

Maybe he doesn't need to know who.

The brunette shook his head, finally lifting his eyes to the knowing gaze across from him. Every bone in his body cringed at the smirk on the boy's face, hating that he was probably revelling in the “I told you so” within the conversation, but the feeling fell away as he saw a more genuine look in Karl's eyes as he continued.

“I may or may not be talking to someone.”

The light in Karl's eyes shined that much brighter at the notion, smile growing bigger as well as he pulled himself to full attention.

“Talking as in *talking* , or talking as in ‘going to hook up’?”

George opened his mouth before shutting it quickly. What *did* he mean? Deep down, he knew he wanted Clay to be more than a quick fuck, but in all reality, their entire circumstance screamed one and done. I mean, Clay didn't even know what his face looked like or what his *name* was, the entire ordeal was based around his body in the first place. The thought made his heart sink, as his eyebrows furrowed together.

“Well, I guess I don't know. I'd hope it wouldn't be a one night thing.”

Karl nodded before giving a small laugh.

“Not so Clay-crazy anymore? Told ya' you needed someone to take your mind off things,” Karl continued, taking a sip of his water.

George bit back his frown, forcing out a small laugh.

“I guess you were right,”

“Always am.”

George snorted, rolling his eyes and picking up his phone again. He glanced at the image sitting proudly in their messages and felt his hand stile over the keyboard. He jumped when Karl cleared his throat and spoke up again.

“So, what’s his name?”

The brunette’s mind went blank as he tried to figure out some sort of lie he could concoct.

On the one hand, if he told Karl he was talking to Clay, he would one hundred percent bring it up to the boy himself and thus out his identity. On the other, if he *didn’t* tell him and later found out, he’d be pissed and probably scold him for being such a dumbass. Any outcome would lead to probably never being able to talk to Clay again, which was only making him more uneasy about everything.

“I don’t have to tell you anything, since you won’t tell me about your mystery boy you keep sneaking around with.”

Karl flushed at that, grumbling incoherent words before finally grasping on a sentence.

“Fine, I’ll invite you to his dorm next chance I get, just wait!”

George shook his head and laughed, almost wanting to call his friend’s very obvious bluff but opting out and taking the win of diverting the topic. His phone buzzed again, and he moved to open it.

From: Clay :)

Aw did I scare you off?

To: Clay :)

no you idiot my friend asked me who i was texting

From: Clay :)

What’d you say?

To: Clay :)

well he doesnt tell me anything about his own shit so i just turned it back on him

From: Clay :)

So you didn’t go on about how attractive I am? Disappointed in you

George snorted softly, glancing up to make sure Karl wouldn't mock him, only to notice he was also lost in the world of his phone, smiling down like an idiot at what he presumed to be mystery boy's contact.

To: Clay :)

dont want anyone else to get any ideas now do i

From: Clay :)

You don't need to worry, you know I'll never be able to resist you no matter who else is in the room

To: Clay :)

how'd you know which one is me if you havent seen my face?

The text bubble appeared and disappeared, Clay apparently being at a loss for what to say (or perhaps too many things on his mind?). When it finally did appear, George had to stop himself from dropping his phone as his chest hitched.

From: Clay :)

Probably how small you are. You look so tiny and fragile, like I could make bruises by just pressing into your skin. I could manhandle you however I please.

Before he could breathe, another text rolled in.

From: Clay :)

Do you like that? Wanna be my doll?

The swirling and churning at the pit of the brunette's stomach was intensifying, his head spinning at the words straight out of one of his fantasies practically. He re-read the message over and over, forgetting he probably should *respond* instead of gawking at it. Before he could start typing another text came through.

From: Clay :)

Okay, I definitely should've asked before I say shit like that. If you're ever uncomfortable just say so, yeah? Please don't worry about like, shutting me down I promise you being comfortable matters most

The sentiment made the brunette's heart melt a little bit. As much as Clay was hyped up to be the incredibly tough and dense quarterback, George had always seen the glints of kindness and gentle nature of the tall boy. In the only class they shared, coding, he had always expressed the want to help the people around him, and was never abrasive or rude.

A part of him wanted to slap himself for fawning over what should be considered the bare minimum, but when a majority of people don't *meet* that bare minimum, especially in the environment Clay was in, he felt like a little mental praise was deserved.

To: Clay :)

shut up that was incredibly hot, i didn't respond because i couldn't stop reading it

To: Clay :)

but the sentiment does mean a lot, ill let you know i promise

From: Clay :)

Good, I'm glad

George sighed, reading over their conversation before another buzz alerted him to the bottom of their chat.

From: Clay :)

So, size difference?

The brunette rolled his eyes and gave a small groan. *God* he was in for it.

His eyes were burning as he walked through the door of his dorm, backpack flopping to the floor, and he couldn't tell if it was from lack of sleep or tears probably building.

All he wanted to do was eat shitty takeout on Karl's bed and watch random Youtube docu-series about things neither of them truly cared about. Which was why when he turned to his left and glanced at the fridge, the yellow post it note taunted him, not even having to read it to know it was to let him know that his roommate would be out for the night, probably getting railed or at least some sort of action by the same guy he'd been seeing for weeks.

He felt ridiculous, feeling so distraught over being left alone. He'd never had a problem with being alone before, but the day had been just so shit, he couldn't find the words or feelings to accurately portray his emotions.

George was having one of the worst days of his life, and he genuinely couldn't stand the thought of being alone for five minutes more. He slept awfully the night before, leading to his morning classes being unbearable, and then he found out he completely flunked a quiz he had spent ages studying for in coding. He had also fallen asleep during his break so he hadn't been able to eat lunch, and to top it all off, he left his pencils and pens on his desk and had to ask the only person in his vicinity for one which, of *course*, happened to be Clay, which caused him to make a complete idiot of himself.

The fumbling over his words and inability to make eye contact had been assaulting his brain for the entire day, as he couldn't seem to pull it together enough to ask for something as simple as a pencil.

How was he supposed to ask to borrow something like normal from the person who had told him he wanted to hold his thighs open and leave bruises across every expanse of skin he could? The texts and sly pictures were permanently etched into his mind as he saw the boy give his usual dopey smile and soft response of "of course" as he reached into his bag.

George felt his phone vibrate from his pocket, and the sound and motion only made him want to break down more. The slightest nudge of any of his senses would send him into overload. His feet dragged to his bedroom, backpack weakly slung over his shoulder again. Kicking his shoes off, he realized he didn't have the energy to shower or change into something comfier, despite knowing he'd feel better if he did.

As he fell on top of his comforter, he let his hand move to unlock his phone.

Clay, of *course*, it was Clay.

If George would've told his past self he was about to shut down an erotic conversation with Clay Evans, he would've laughed and scoffed at the idea of turning down anything that had to do with the blonde.

From: Clay :)

Just thinking about you :)

As thrilled as he would normally be to hear the boy worship and praise him, all he wished for in that moment was he be able to feel strong arms wrapped around his middle as he dozed off to a long and much deserved nap engulfed in the warmth of a two sizes too big hoodie that was definitely not his own.

George kept having to remind himself that he was a faceless body to Clay, someone he would horny text and be forgotten about the second a boy he actually liked came around. Each reminder

was only another stake at his heart, the realization that all he'd ever be to Clay was a boy toy.

To: Clay :)

r u now,

From: Clay :)

I think your face would be pretty

George huffed at that.

To: Clay :)

and why do u think that

From: Clay :)

It's a part of you. You could never not be pretty.

Words that would normally make him blush roll his eyes now had a sting to them that he despised. His sour mood was only twisting him and Clay's already superficial relationship into something else.

To: Clay :)

sure go w that

Messages stopped, and he almost felt guilty for the lackluster responses, not wanting to make Clay feel in the slightest bit hurt. He groaned at himself for being so stupid about *everything* . Before he could pull a line from his mental book of flirting, his phone vibrated.

From: Clay :)

Hey, are you okay? You don't seem too good right now.

Customary to his usual style of handling things, he was midway typing through a "yes, I'm fine,

just tired from classes” when another text appeared below the other.

From: Clay :)

You can talk to me, I hope you know that. I really do care about you.

The butterflies in his stomach flapped violently against his body, the kindness and sincerity making him want to give in to his body’s strain and let everything out. He glanced at his halfway typed message and repeatedly hit the backspace before letting his thumbs run against the keyboard.

To: Clay :)

no, ive had the shittiest day ever and literally everything went wrong ive no clue how. i wanted to just get takeout and relax once i got home but my roommate is out with some guy who he’s kept a mystery for over a month now and i just cant stand being alone.

Clay typed, and retyped, and retyped again (presumably), as George stared a hole into his phone screen. He hated explaining his emotions to people, he could never get the words out right or quite capture how he felt, and it all became a jumbled mess of confusion and fear, so he just never did it. Perhaps it was the hopeless pining from afar that made him type what he did, the comfort in that Clay didn’t truly *know* who he was maybe leading into it too.

Whatever it was, Clay had somehow found a way to make him feel safe. He began to regret his paragraph before a new bubble of text appeared.

From: Clay :)

I’m so sorry you had a bad day :(My roommate has been sneaking around too, but I’ve known him for ages and he’s always been weird like that. Are you still in the clothes you wore to your classes today? You will feel a million times better if you change into something comfortable, promise. Then we can talk about what happened.

From: Clay :)

You don’t ever have to feel alone, you have me :)

A cloudy film shielded over his eyes, almost threatening to teeter over and the sweet words on his screen. George dug the heels of his palm into his eye and moved to type a response, heart pounding against his chest as he reread each word.

To: Clay :)

i havent changed yet. i dont have the energy to shower, and just wanted to curl into a ball and never look at the world again once i got home.

From: Clay :)

Do you mind changing? Like, a big hoodie or something? You always feel better when you're comfortable. Plus, the clothes won't remind you of the day you had, too.

George rolled his eyes at the cheesiness of the comment, juxtaposing the wide smile curving his cheeks upward. He swung his legs off the edge of his bed and walked to his drawer, finding the oversized hoodie he had in mind and placing it on top of the furniture. He peeled off his jeans and shirt, tossing them into the pile in the corner of his room for the laundry, before slipping the black fabric over his frame and letting the fabric engulf him.

He hated to admit that he already felt miles better than the minutes prior. George hopped back onto his bed, this time slipping under his covers and letting his feet curl to his chest. Warmth bloomed around and within him.

To: Clay :)

changed into a big hoodie and am under my covers

From: Clay :)

Good boy

George suppressed the fluttering in his chest at the honorific.

From: Clay :)

Have you eaten? I know you probably don't wanna get up, but if you have something small nearby that'd be good enough

He glanced around his room before leaning over the edge of his bed when he remembered he left a half empty container of chocolate raisins next to it the other night. After a few pats with his hand, he felt the container against his fingers and pulled it up to his chest. Unscrewing the cap, he popped a few in his mouth before grabbing the opened bottle of water next to his bed as well.

To: Clay :)

i have chocolate raisins and water now

From: Clay :)

Food always tastes better when you're upset, I've noticed. Water too

From: Clay :)

Can you tell me about what happened today to make it so bad

George sighed, wondering how the hell he had gotten so lucky with the blonde's sincerity. The stupidly big green (yellow to him) eyes that always grew in concern when asked for help in class were probably on the boy's face on the other side of the screen, and knowing or even thinking that made his throat dry and his voice weak.

To: Clay :)

i slept horribly, no clue why, and i had early morning lectures. then i fell asleep when i should've been eating so i missed that, and then i acted like an idiot in front of this person and ive been kicking myself ever since. then came home to an empty apartment and now im here

From: Clay :)

I'm so sorry, genuinely. Everyone has shit days, but people like you dont deserve it at all. If it helps, I act like a dumbass in front of everyone practically. I always stutter or trip over my own feet, especially when I need to act calm the most.

George snorted, the memory of the blonde waving to him only to trip and stumble into his friend next to him forever ingrained in his head. It was their only true interaction, despite the few times they had stood in circles together while Karl and his friend Alex talked briefly. Since then, the brunette had been whipped.

To: Clay :)

you're telling me mr clay, star quarterback, insanely popular, loads of friends, is clumsy?

From: Clay :)

"Loads of friends" I play video games and eat junk on the weekends in my best friend's room, I'm not the popular frat boy you think I am

His heart thumped a bit at that, the knowledge that despite his exterior, Clay was a stupidly cute nerd who also happened to play football and be insanely intimidating.

To: Clay :)

point taken. its a good thing im a comp-sci major and also like nerd shit

From: Clay :)

I always forget we literally go to the same school. Wonder if I've seen you around campus before and didn't recognize you, or didn't know you

His throat tightened at even the notion of Clay knowing. He shook his head and took a deep breath.

To: Clay :)

maybe, maybe not. one day, idiot

George smiled softly at the conversation, opening his camera and flipping it to face him before snapping a quick shot of his neck and chest, hoodie drowning him in fabric, with the top of the 404 on his collarbones just peaking out.

To: Clay :)

[Attachment: 1 Image]

all this chatter is making me sleepy

From: Clay :)

That'd be my hoodie if I had something to say about it

The brunette flushed, glancing down at his hands where the sleeves had fallen over and past his hands, imagining how small the hoodie would look on Clay in comparison to himself. He truly would never get over their size difference, and frankly, he didn't want to.

To: Clay :)

you seem like the kind of guy who'd stake his claim on someone using your hoodie

From: Clay :)

If I wanted to make sure everyone knew you were mine you'd be wearing my letterman

Of course, George had imagined that for ages, it was one of his deepest desires at his core, walking into a room with a bunch of unfamiliar faces with a large hand on his waist and stupidly big red letterman around his arms with the name "EVANS" stitched proudly on the back. The idea of Clay *literally* having his name written on him, sent a chill down his spine and a head boiling in his gut. It truly was intoxicating, the idea of being his.

God , he wanted it more than anything

To: Clay :)

possessive aren't you? wanting your name literally written on me?

From: Clay :)

Yes. God, yes

The words sent his eyes fluttering open and closed. His tired eyes drooped lower with each passing second, and he decided that playing with his hopes of dating the boy for the night would come to a close.

To: Clay :)

am about to pass out. hopefully will sleep better tonight :]

From: Clay :)

I think you'd sleep better if you had someone holding you

To: Clay :)

i do too

To: Clay :)

thank you, for everything, clay. youre such a sweetheart

From: Clay :)

Anything for you. Sleep well <3

Hearts weren't uncommon in their flirty demeanors, but here it felt raw, it felt more *real*. George sighed against his pillow as he let his phone fall onto his sheets next to him.

As he drifted off out of consciousness, he could have sworn he felt firm arms wrapping around his waist and soft warm breath on the back of his neck.

He did sleep better that night.

"Get your shoes on, we're leaving," Karl said, barging into the brunette's room, causing him to jump at the noise. George glanced down at himself in sweatpants and the shirt he was wearing before looking back at his roommate in confusion.

"Uhm, what?"

Karl's smile looked like it hurt as his cheeks pulled up further.

"You know how I said a week ago you'd be invited to meet my boyfriend next time I could? Well, next time is now. We're going to his dorm to chill for the night with his roommates so you won't have to third wheel."

George smiled at that, specifically the title 'boyfriend'. It had been a while since Karl had gotten into a relationship, let alone one where he had been this head over heels for ages. Standing up and quickly moving to shimmy into jeans and throw a hoodie over his shirt, he spoke.

"Boyfriend, huh? Not just fuck buddy?"

Karl rolled his eyes, crossing his arms with no real malice.

"Look, he wasn't the most out to the world and was just really anxious about being public. But now his friends know so we're fine to be labelled to them."

George laughed, slipping on vans before following his friend to the front door and walking out and down the stairs to the center of campus.

The walk was nice, cool breezy air biting at his neck as the sun had just begun to set over the horizon. Karl led the way through the pathways and past streetlights, when George started to notice the familiarity of the area, trees looking awfully similar to those he could vividly remember a tall blonde running in front of, throwing a football across their expanse.

"Karl? Who is mystery guy roommates with?" He asked, voice waiver just that much. Karl smirked, as he began to walk faster towards what the pair both knew was a very specific set of dorms. George joined him in his speed before watching the curly haired boy bounce up the stairs into the complex, and arrive at one of the first doors on the left, knocking briskly.

Mortification flew through his body as he saw a tall blonde swing the door open, smile spreading widely at the sight of the pair.

“*Sap!* Get down here, your boy is here!”

George mentally cursed Karl, as two black haired boys came bounding down the steps behind him, Clay stepping aside to let Karl run in. The brunette’s arms laced around the shorter boy’s neck, being picked up and spun in a small circle. Once back on solid ground, the person he now recognized as Sapnap stilled his hands on his Karl’s waist, mumbling with a wide smile across his cheeks.

“Hi baby,”

Karl laughed, a hand cupping his partner’s face.

“Hi, Sap,”

Alex shook his head and made a fake retching noise at the sight, swinging an arm around Clay’s shoulders.

“Boo! Come on, I’m starving and I’d prefer my food to *not* be ruined by them two sucking face in the corner,”

Sapnap (or as George knew him for the most part, Nick) flipped the shorter off, pressing a kiss to Karl’s cheek before making his way to the couches in the center of the room and flopping onto them. As they made their way over, Clay lingered just behind a little and gave a small wave. George was so positive he had hearts in his eyes looking up at the blonde.

“Hey, George,”

The smile was dripping with sunshine as he gave his own breathless “hey” back. God, he hoped he would be able to get through the night.

Things actually worked out better than he had expected, for the most part. He stayed quiet over pizza, Karl and Nick mainly talking about how annoying it was to keep sneaking out and around everyone, funny stories and almost slip-ups too mingled in there, which were in all honesty, nice to hear. Clay was talkative, as to be expected, which was a nice change from reading his words to hearing them verbally.

The sickly sweet *infatuation* in Nick’s eyes when he looked at the boy next to him was as much adorable as it was infuriating. Each comment and pet name only reminded him further of his state with the blonde sitting on the couch across from his own.

He wanted nothing more to be curled in the taller’s side, just as Karl had been doing all night to Nick, wanted to be able to let his head fall against Clay’s chest and let his eyes flutter shut, knowing his arms would always remain around him keeping him safe and secure. If he thought hard enough, he could feel the steady thump of a heartbeat behind him.

George had zoned out of the conversation, idly sipping his red solo cup of soda, before he was dragged back in as soon as the tall boy's name was mentioned.

“It's not even that *weird* Alex! Clay is weirder, has this weird obsession with being taller than the guys he fucks-”

George almost spat his drink back into his cup as Clay's face ran a deep red.

“*Fuck you!* I'm like six foot four, it comes with the territory,” He responded, arm moving to squeeze his opposite one in embarrassment and George couldn't help but stare at the red jacket hugging his frame. He used to think guys who constantly wore their lettermans were annoying pricks who were full of themselves.

Clay changed that, of course, probably because he looked absolutely gorgeous in his with zero effort.

“It's not that weird,” George responded softly, Karl laughing and being one of the only ones who fully heard what he'd said.

“Georgie got a size kink, does he?” Karl quipped, mocking the brunette's accent, as George mumbled incoherently into his cup. He noticed the blonde's own red face staring at him in his peripheral vision. The rest of the room fell into laughter before Alex made another jab at Nick, bickering ensuing again about each other's heights or something related.

George's own mind was left to wander. The comments Clay had made about what he'd do to the brunette swirling in his brain as he truly took in how *huge* he really was. Promises of his hands to swallow his own waist whole in their grip holding far too true it could even be laughable, the strength the blonde had able to easily paint pretty pictures of blues and purples across his hips and neck for all the see with the smallest bit of pressure. The filthy words Clay was capable of spewing into his ear while making the brunette cry and write underneath him, his hands being so much bigger than his own both in length and thickness, the feeling of the taller's lips molding onto his own eating him up bite by bite.

He wondered how the phrase of praise that had taunted him for just over a month would sound whispered breathlessly into his ear while he shook under his-

The room was suddenly *very* hot, and far too cramped for George's liking.

Taking a few deep breaths, he eased the hoodie now almost sticking to his body off of him, adjusting his hair that became a fluffed up mess at the motion. He moved to fix his shirt when he noticed that it was *much* more oversized than he had remembered, and was showing off far more than he was comfortable with and-

“*Yo!* Sick tattoo. What does it say, I could only catch the top of it?” Nick complimented, eyes bright and wide.

George felt his face go white and a wave of nausea run through him at the question, *knowing* Clay's eyes were burning through the ink he was now desperately trying to hide by pulling up his shirt and covering the offending marks. He opened his mouth to deny and dismiss the question before his best friend continued talking right over him to his chagrin.

“Isn't it cool? It's 404, like the error page number? He wanted something computer related because he's a comp-sci major. I remember when he got it last year, I had to leave the room because the needle was freaking me out, but he did great!”

The group fell into more pleasant chatter, as George's throat went dry and head felt heavy. He didn't dare look up when he noticed Clay's voice no longer intermingling with the rest of the group's banter, falling deathly silent.

Deep down he knew there was no excuse or recovery. The mortification at the fact that he even *thought* his whole '404' scheme was a good idea made him sick to his stomach. Clay had every right to yell, to scream, to *berate* him for the lying he had done over the past month knowingly.

His mouth soured as he realized that the very thing that gave him a window into who the blonde was, the kind and sweet person he was, was now shutting in his face due to his own stupidity.

Clay was for sure never going to talk to him again after this. How the *hell* was he supposed to defend himself on this one?

Shame and guilt fell over him as the weight of what he had done fell on his shoulders.

It only took another minute for the blonde to stand up and give a weak excuse.

"I feel super sick, I'm gonna go lay down, okay?"

Nick glanced up in concern, before nodding towards the stairs and responding.

"Okay. Drink water and take Advil. Coach will destroy you if you don't show up to practice tomorrow."

Clay gave a weak laugh, before slowly trudging up the stairs to presumably his room, the confliction in his eyes weighing heavily on his shoulders.

This was the end, he would be blocked on every social media platform (including his number) and their friendship would become weird, weak, and strained at *best*, if not George would be *hated* at worst.

His brain should have been whirring with worry and fear and doubt, but cotton stuffed his ears and he couldn't hear anything other than faint voices and dull static.

This was his doing. This was *his* dumb mistake.

Vibrations rang against his leg, and the headache growing to a pound against his skull grew.

From: Clay :)

Are you in my living room right now?

George swallowed.

To: Clay :)

yes

From: Clay :)

Come to my room. Upstairs third door on the right

George wiped his sweaty hands off on his jeans as he stood up.

“I’m gonna go check on Clay, make sure he’s doing okay. I-I’ll be back soon,”

He knew no one in that room believed him in the slightest. He couldn’t bring himself to care.

George trudged up the stairs with lead in his calves and anchors in his arms. He was about to be scolded at, yelled at to never come near him again after purposefully lying about his true identity.

In some of his indulgent made up scenarios, Clay yelling at him was hot, however, this was no fantasy.

His stomach churned as he knocked on the door and heard a mumbled “come in” from the other side.

George pushed it open to see the blonde scrolling through his phone while sitting on the edge of his bed. His room looked how he expected it to, messy on the floor with clothes strewn about, but neat where it counted with a made bed and tidy desk. Football accessories and things lined the dark grey walls of the room, along with a few video game posters and miscellaneous items.

Clay glanced up at him and George almost felt his knees buckle.

“To be fair, I was right.”

The brunette gave him a confused look, weight shifting between his feet. Before he could speak he made eye contact with the boy and almost fell at the sugary smile on his lips.

“You do have a really pretty face.”

George flushed at the compliment, taking notice to the blonde’s hand patting the space next to him and sitting awkwardly down.

There was a heavy silence before Clay cleared his throat.

“So, you lied?”

Shame washed over his being as he winced at the words.

“I-I-”

George didn’t want to have to look the boy in the eye, but forced himself to glance upward and melted at the gaze from the blonde, sincerity dripping from his face.

“I’m listening,”

George sighed, ignoring the part of him that wanted to kiss the stupidly genuine look off the blonde’s face, letting himself go at the reply. For once, he’d let himself explain the entire truth and his feelings with no disregard.

“I thought you were really cute for a while, and when Karl started becoming friends with Alex and

I started seeing you more, I just- I thought you were really sweet, and beyond attractive, so Karl would always make fun of me for being too embarrassed to talk to you. I thought you were straight for the longest time before he convinced me to get a Grindr and I saw you there. I- I was just so *afraid* you'd think I was weird for messaging you on *Grindr* of all places since we knew each other mutually, and I just-

His eyes darted up to see if he was still listening. Clay nodded, waiting for him to continue.

"I thought you'd never like me like that, so I made the 404 account to see if you'd be interested at all and after a while I realized you'd never have genuine feelings for an account you only knew the body of so I've just been in this limbo. I-I completely understand if you don't want to look at me right now, because lying to you was so *so* fucked up but I just-

"George?" Clay cut off, hesitant smile playing at his lips. The brunette let out a breathless "yeah?", being the only thing he was truly able to muster.

"I'm-

Clay glanced around his room, before settling into his bed further and turning towards the boy next to him fully, eyebrows furrowing together.

"I should be really mad at you for lying to me about all this, I *know* I should, but I'd be just as bad as you if I said I hadn't been imagining that account was you for the past month."

George flushed at the confession sputtering out confused noises before settling on,

"What?"

Clay had thought of him ?

Clay laughed, hands coming up to gesture as he spoke.

"Yeah, I- Well, you sit behind me in coding, and whenever I saw you with Karl I wanted to come up and talk to you so bad but I had no clue how, especially since you give off the impression you'd hate guys like me. When- When I saw the flame from the account, it looked so much like you I just, well, let myself indulge I guess," He confessed, an embarrassed and concerned smile spread across his face. George inspected the freckles dotting the blonde's cheeks, the pink hue across them making him swoon.

He took a minute to collect his racing mind, before responding slowly.

"So all those things you said, you imagined you were-

"-Saying them to you? Absolutely,"

Each phrase and comment swam around his head, crashing in waves over his being and hitting that much harder with Clay right in front of him, alone, on his bed.

Good boy

Do you like that? Wanna be my doll?

I could manhandle you however I please.

He could feel the burning against his cheeks as he let it sink in. The very idea of Clay rambling to his friends about the hoodie he wore to class one day, or the way he had laughed at Karl's joke making him trip, or little mannerisms that he'd picked up on made his head reel and something stir in his stomach he couldn't exactly place.

One question remained at the forefront of his mind as he blinked to find a response.

"Clay would you-"

He made eye contact again, and the intoxicating look in the blonde's eyes was making him high.

"Did you mean what you said? About- About making me yours? Not just for, uhm, what you saw, but, for me?"

Clay laughed, a hand moving to rest on the brunette's thigh, genuine affection in the pupils of his eyes. The brunette had to pull himself together as he felt the boy's strong grip squeeze just slightly. Clay leaned closer, and George could've sworn he felt his hot breath across his pale cheeks.

"I meant it all, George."

He glanced down at the hand on his leg and almost outright moaned at how huge it looked against the expanse of his thigh. He tried to keep his voice steady as his heart pounded behind his chest, swallowing thickly.

"Go ahead and prove it then," George whispered back, air growing warmer and tenser with each passing breath. Clay searched the deep brown eyes in front of him for any sign of hesitancy or fear. After finding none, he let his other hand slide to the boy's hip, not moving beyond that and keeping the intimate air as their lips hovered above each other.

George was the one who pulled him in, tugging on the collar of the blonde's letterman and crashing together in a haze of months of pining and miscommunication. The kiss started sweet, tender almost, before two hands gripped the back of the brunette's thighs and he was yanked to straddle Clay's lap in one swift motion. The yelp he produced allowed the blonde to slip his tongue easily into his mouth, pressing himself as close as he could to the point where he couldn't totally tell where they both began or ended.

Clay licked up into George's mouth, messily trying to taste every inch of him and tugging at his lip at each opportunity he could, his own muffled groans spilling over.

George tried to suppress his whimpers as heat spread to the tips of his fingers, strong hands gripping what he hoped to be dark marks against the back of his legs. He ground downwards against the taller, muffled noises slipping into his mouth, vibrations being swallowed wholly by him.

George pulled away first, a trail of saliva connecting them briefly before breaking as they split apart. Clay helplessly chased his lips before his eyes fluttered open and he gave a sheepish smile. He leaned forward, hot breath against the brunette's neck making every nerve send sparks through his system.

"You're just as pliant as I'd imagined you'd be,"

A shiver wracked George's body as he pulled back, staring into the boy's eyes with unfiltered infatuation in his gaze. George shoved his chest lightly, rolling his eyes at the extended eye contact, hands steadying on his broad shoulders.

“What? What’s up?”

“Nothing, just you,” Clay mumbled, hand moving to rub a thumb over the black ink against pale skin on his collarbone, another shiver wracking the brunette’s body as he helplessly leaned into the touch. They sat like that, bodies warm and still slightly panting, staring into each other’s eyes.

The air was silent for a minute before the blonde broke it.

“Does this mean you’ll go out with me?”

Despite the eye roll and small scoff, George’s face flushed. Clay knew there was zero malice behind it as he continued his hopelessly affectionate staring.

“ *Yes* , you idiot.”

Clay’s smile grew stupidly big, placing a gentle kiss onto the brunette’s lips as all the response he needed. George would never be over the sweet warmth that the blonde tasted of, like sunshine bottled and in the form of maple syrup. His mind fell to mush at the reconnection of lips.

The infatuated look on his face fell away when he let out a soft “Oh!”. He quickly fumbled with the material on his arms as George’s face fell in confusion.

“What are you-”

Before he could finish, Clay’s letterman was off his body and over the brunette’s shoulders. He blinked a few times before the blonde nodded and he let himself slip his arms in. The lovesick look in Clay’s eyes heightened at that, and the grip on his hips tightened possessively.

“Perfect. Now everyone’ll know you’re mine, yeah?”

George’s heart sped up at that, another soft eye roll as he let the weight of the jacket sink into his upper body. Despite the lack of acknowledgement to the statement, George’s body was burning at the prospect of *being* someone’s.

“You’re never getting this back, I hope you know.”

“I fully expect you to live in my clothing, you’ll have options.”

George laughed, one of his hands sliding up to cup the blonde’s face before letting his thumb rub against his cheek. He tentatively leaned in as he felt the thick air return.

“You think they’ll come looking for us?” George mumbled against the taller’s mouth, revelling in the bruising grip sliding from his hips to his thighs.

“Let them, they can see me make you mine for themselves,” Clay muttered back, sliding his mouth between his again, and George took the message to roll his hips downwards again, slews of noises from the both of them spilling into each other.

Clay pulled away, tearing George’s neck to the side by his hair and placing wet open mouthed kisses across the expanse, soft confessions falling as he did so.

“God, do you know how long I’ve wanted you?”

George could only whine, the pressure and bites against his neck sending him too far into a spiral to form words.

“Want everyone who sees you to know exactly who you belong to, know you’re mine,”

He’d pinned Clay for the possessive and jealous type, but being the sole person of the blonde’s attention was nothing short of addictive, he craved him in every form including the sin-laced words dripping from his mouth. More bites were sucked on his neck as he kept blabbering on.

“Fuck, good boy. Hope they hear, hope they know how good I’m-”

The door swung open as an obnoxious voice brought them out of their bubble of the world.

“Guys *please* I don’t wanna third wheel any-”

George buried his head into the crook of the blonde’s neck as Clay attempted to cover the embarrassing position they were in. In theory, having people know you were getting laid was a hot idea, but in reality it led to embarrassment falling across hot cheeks.

Alex stood there in shock, doorknob still in hand as he groaned again.

“ *What the fuck?* ”

Karl and Nick’s laughter was heard from just below the stairs, banter they couldn’t quite make out as George’s face burned brighter, the arms now around his waist in comfort keeping him secure.

“They fucking or something?” Karl called, Nick’s laughter still ringing off the walls as Alex turned to nod down the steps. Nick gasped suddenly and excitedly cried,

“Does this mean I won’t have to hear about George’s stupid smile anymore? Or how he has a ‘cute button nose’?”

Nick mocked Clay’s voice at the end, adding more nasal to it as the blonde held him tighter. George pulled away and let his hands splay onto the blonde’s chest.

“You’d talk about me?”

“ *All the fucking time!* ”

Clay’s ears grew red at that, mortification flooding his face as he let his hands gently rest on the brunette’s waist.

“In my defense, you’re very pretty.”

George scoffed, before falling into soft laughter and reconnecting their lips to experience the pure golden euphoria of the boy beneath him. He could taste the smile on the blonde’s face.

As he pulled away, centimeters from the boy he’d been longing for for months with quite literally his name on him, a rush of endorphins rushed through his system.

Clay laughed a melody of wheezes, and when he tightened his grip just that much to make him feel safer, George had realized he’d finally found his place, in the arms of the boy that he could forever call his.

WELL! all my major projects are now out of the way, meaning i can pour my full attention into my two multi-chaps. i hope you enjoyed and don't forget to leave kudos and comments if you'd like as well :)

EDIT: my best friend made incredible artwork for the last scene of this fic- so PLEASE go like and rt it!!! send him so much love!!! <33 [here!](#)

<33

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